The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

From *Saturday May* 27. to *Tueſday May* 30. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful Hiſtory of the moſt ingenious *Don Quixot* of the *Mancha*, and conſider the Exerciſes and Manner of Life of that renowned Gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquiſite Genius and diſcerning Spirit of *Michael Cervantes*, who has not only painted his Adventurer with great Maſtery in the conſpicuous Parts of his Story, which relate to Love and Honour, but alſo intimated in his ordinary Life, Oeconomy and Furniture, the infallible Symptoms he gave of his growing Phrenzy, before he declared himſelf a Knight-Errant. His Hall was furniſhed with old Launces, Halbards, and Morrions; his Food, Lentils; his Dreſs, amorous. He ſlept moderately, roſe early, and ſpent his Time in Hunting. When by Watchfulneſs and Exerciſe he was thus qualified for the Hardſhips of his intended Peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to ſtudy; and before he ſhould apply himſelf to the Practical Part, get into the Methods of making Love and War by reading Books of Knighthood. As for raiſing tender Paſſion in him, *Cervantes* reports, That he was wonderfully delighted with a ſmooth intricate Sentence; and when they liſtened at his Study-Door, they could frequently hear him read aloud, *The Reaſon of the Unreaſonableneſs, which againſt my Reaſon is wrought, doth ſo weaken my Reaſon, as with all Reaſon I do juſtly complain on your Beauty.* Again, he would pauſe till he came to another charming Sentence, and with the moſt pleaſing Accent imaginable be loud at a new Paragraph: *The high Heavens, which, with your Divinity, do fortify you divinely with the Stars, make you Deſervereſs of the Deſerts that your Greatneſs deſerves.* With theſe, and other ſuch Paſſages, *(ſays my Author)* the poor Gentleman grew diſtracted, and was breaking his Brains Day and Night to underſtand and unravel their Senſe.

As much as the Caſe of this diſtempered Knight is received by all the Readers of his Hiſtory as the moſt incurable and ridiculous of all Phrenſies, it is very certain we have Crowds among us far gone in as viſible a Madneſs as his, tho' they are not obſerved to be in that Condition. As great and uſeful Diſcoveries are ſometimes made by accidental and ſmall Beginnings, I came to the Knowledge of the moſt Epidemick Ill of this Sort, by falling into a Coffee-houſe where I ſaw my Friend the Upholſterer, whoſe Crack towards Politicks I have heretofore mention'd. This Touch in the Brain of the *Britiſh* Subject, is as certainly owing to the reading News-Papers, as that of the *Spaniſh* Worthy above-mention'd to the reading Works of Chivalry. My Contemporaries the Noveliſts have, for the better ſpinning out Paragraphs, and working down to the End of their Columns, a moſt happy Art in ſaying and unſaying, giving Hints of Intelligence, and Interpretations of indifferent Actions, to the great Diſturbance of the Brains of ordinary Readers. This Way of going on in the Words, and making no Progreſs in the Senſe, is more particularly the Excellence of my moſt ingenious and renowned Fellow-Labourer the *Poſt-Man*; and it is to this Talent in him that I impute the Loſs of my Upholſterer's Intellects. That unfortunate Tradeſman has for Years paſt been the chief Orator in ragged Aſſemblies, and the Reader in Alley-Coffee-houſes. He was Yeſterday ſurrounded by an Audience of that Sort, among whom I ſat unobſerved through the Favour of a Cloud of Tobacco, and ſaw him with the *Poſt-Man* in his Hand, and all the other Papers ſafe under his Left Elbow. He was interminxing Remarks, and reading the *Paris* Article of *May* 30. which ſays, *That it is given out that an Expreſs arrived this Day, with Advice, that the Armies were ſo near in the Plain of* Lens, *that they cannonaded each other.* (Ay, ay, here we ſhall have Sport) *And that it was highly probable the next Expreſs would bring us an Account of an Engagement.* (They are welcome as ſoon as they pleaſe) *Tho' ſome others ſay, That the ſame will be put off till the* 2*d or* 3*d of* June, *becauſe the Mareſchal* Villars *expects ſome further Reinforcements from* Germany, *and other Parts, before that Time.* What-a-Pox does he put it off for? Does he think our Horſe is not marching up at the ſame Time? But let us ſee what he ſays further. *They hope, that Monſieur* Albergotti, *being encouraged by the Preſence of ſo great an Army, will make an extraordinary Defence.* Why then I find, *Albergotti* is one of thoſe that love to have a great many on their Side--- Nay, I'll ſay that for this Paper, he makes the moſt natural Inferences of any of them all. *The Elector of* Bavaria *being uneaſy to be without any Command, has deſired Leave to come to Court to communicate a certain Project to his Majeſty--- Whatever it be, it is ſaid, that Prince is ſuddenly expected, and then we ſhall have a more certain Account of his Project, if this Report has any Foundation.* Nay, this Paper never impoſes upon us, he goes upon ſure Grounds; for he won't be poſitive the Elector has a Project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you ſee, whether the Report has any Foundation.

What makes this the more lamentable, is, that this Way of Writing falls in with the Imagination of the cooler and duller Part of Her Majeſty's Subjects. The being kept up with one Line contradicting another, and the whole, after many Sentences of Conjecture, vaniſhing in a Doubt whether there is any Thing at all in what the Perſon has been reading of, puts an ordinary Head into a Vertigo, which his natural Dulneſs would have ſecured him from. Next to the Labours of the *Poſt-Man*, the Upholſterer took from under his Elbow honeſt *Icabod Dawks*'s Letter, and there, among other Specula-

culations, the Hiſtorian takes upon him to ſay, *That it is diſcourſed that there will be a Battel in* Flanders *before the Armies ſeparate, and many will have it to be to Morrow, the great Battel of* Ramellies *being fought on a* Whit-Sunday. A Gentleman who was a Wag in this Company laughed at the Expreſſion, and ſaid, By Mr. *Dawks*'s Favour, I warrant ye, if we meet them on *Whit-Saturday*, or *Monday*, we ſhall not ſtand upon the Day with them, whether it be before or after the Holydays. An Admirer of this Gentleman ſtood up and told a Neighbour at a diſtant Table the Conceit, at which indeed we were all very merry. Theſe Reflections in the Writers of the Tranſactions of the Times, ſeize the Noddles of ſuch as were not born to have Thoughts of their own, and conſequently lay a Weight upon every Thing which they read in Print. But Mr. *Dawks* concluded his Paper with a courteous Sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole Company. *We wiſh* ſays he, *all our Cuſtomers a merry* Whittuntide, *and many of them.* Honeſt *Icabod* is as extraordinary a Man as any of our Fraternity, and as particular. His Style is a Dialect between the Familiarity of Talking and Writing, and his Letter ſuch as you cannot diſtinguiſh whether Print or Manuſcript, which gives us a Refreſhment of the Idea from what has been told us from the Preſs by others. This wiſhing a good Tide had its Effect upon us, and he was commended for his Salutation, as ſhowing as well the Capacity of a Bell-man as an Hiſtorian. My diſtempered old Acquaintance read in the next Place the Account of the Affairs abroad in the *Courant*; but the Matter was told ſo diſtinctly, that theſe Wanderers thought there was no News in it; this Paper differing from the reſt as an Hiſtory from a Romance. The Tautology, the Contradictions, the Doubts, and Wants of Confirmations, are what keep up imaginary Entertainments in empty Heads, and produce Neglect of their own Affairs, Poverty, and Bankrupcy, in many of the Shop-Stateſmen; but turn the Imaginations of thoſe of a little higher Orb into Deliriums of Diſſatisfaction, which is ſeen in a continual Fret upon all that touches their Brains, but more particularly upon any Advantage obtained by their Country, where they are conſidered as Lunaticks, and therefore tolerated in their Ravings.

What I am now warning the People of is, That the News-Papers of this Iſland are as pernicious to weak Heads in *England* as ever Books of Chivalry to *Spain*; and therefore ſhall do all that in me lies with the utmoſt Care and Vigilance imaginable to prevent theſe growing Evils. A ſtriking Inſtance of this Malady appeared in my old Acquaintance at this Time, who, after he had done reading all his Papers, ended with a Thoughtful Air, *If we ſhould have a Peace, we ſhould then know for certain whether it was the King of* Sweden *that lately came to* Dunkirk. I whiſpered him, and deſired him to ſtep aſide a little with me. When I had Opportunity, I decoyed him into a Coach, in order for his more eaſy Conveyance to *Moorfields*. The Man went very quietly with me; and by that Time he had brought the *Swede* from the Deſeat by the Czar to the *Boriſthenes*, we were paſſing by *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, where the Man of the Houſe beckoned to us. We made a full Stop, and could hear from above a very loud Voice swearing, with ſome Expreſſions towards Treaſon, That the Subject in *France* was as free as in *England*. His Diſtemper would not let him reflect, that his own Diſcourſe was an Argument of the contrary. They told him, One would ſpeak with him below. He came immediately to our Coach-Side. I whiſpered him, That I had an Order to carry him to the *Baſtile*. He immediately obeyed with great Reſignation: For to this Sort of Fanatick, whoſe Brain is touched for the *French*, the Name of a Gaol in that Kingdom has a more agreeable Sound than that of a Paternal Seat in this their own Country. It happen'd a little unluckily bringing theſe Lunaticks together, for they immediately fell into a Debate concerning the Greatneſs of their reſpective Monarchs; one for the King of *Sweden*, the other for the Grand Monarch of *France*. This Gentleman from *Will*'s is now next Door to the Upholſterer, ſafe in his Apartment in my *Bedlam*, with proper Medicaments, and the *Mercure Gallant* to ſooth his Imagination that he is actually in *France*. If therefore he ſhould eſcape to *Covent-Garden* again, all Perſons are deſired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. *Morphew*, my Overſeer. At the ſame Time, I deſire all true Subjects to forbear Diſcourſe with him, any otherwiſe than when he begins to fight a Battle for *France*, to ſay, *Sir, I hope to ſee you in* England.

Advertiſements.

*** On Thurſday next will be publiſh'd, Some Remarks on Dr. Bently's Letter to the Biſhop of Ely, entituled, The preſent State of Trinity College in Cambridge. By Mr. Miller, Fellow of the College. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-hall.

*** There is juſt publiſh'd, The Fourth Edition of the Managers Pro and Con; or, An Account of what is ſaid at Child's and Tom's Coffee-houſes, for and againſt Dr. Sacheverel. This Book is allowed by Foreigners, as well as Britains, to be the compleateſt Anſwer to whatever yet has been written in Vindication of the Doctrine of Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance, and thought by ſome to be unanſwerable. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane.

Men's and Women's Morning-Gowns of Silk, Stuffs, and Callicoes (being the Goods of Perſons that failed) which were to be diſpoſed of at the Olive-Tree and Still, are now to be ſold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up one Pair of Stairs, over-againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs; with a freſh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being ſet on each Gown.

MR. Guidott, Owner of the fine Lace and other Goods, that were to be ſeen at the Queen's-Head in Bridges-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, and that were to be diſpoſed of at 2 s. 6 d. a Lot, does hereby give Notice, That the ſame will be diſpoſed of accordingly on Saturday the 3d Day of June next, at 8 a Clock in the Morning, at Numb. 7. in Gloceſter-ſtreet by Red-Lion Square; and after Tueſday next the Goods will be to be ſeen there.

*** New Muſick this Day publiſh'd: All the Songs and Symphonies in the laſt new Opera call'd Hydaſpes, as they are performed at the Queen's Theatre: The whole fairly engraven, and carefully corrected. Likewiſe the Monthly Mask of Vocal Muſick, or, The neweſt Songs made for the Theatres and other Occaſions, for May. Printed for J. Walſh, Servant in Ordinary to Her Majeſty, and P. Randall, at the Harp and Hautboy in Katherine-ſtreet near Somerſet-Houſe in the Strand; and J. Hare at the Viol and Flute in Cornhil near the Royal Exchange.

TO be lett, in Devonſhire-Square near Biſhopſgate, a very good Brick Houſe, of 3 Rooms of a Floor, and a good Hall, with very good light and dark Cloſets, the whole Houſe being well wainſcotted, and faſh'd with 30 Sath Lights, a very pleaſant and convenient Office below Stairs, a good Yard, a good Vault for Wine, &c. with a very good Warehouſe and Cellar for Merchandize. Enquire at the Baker's in Devonſhire-ſtreet, near the Houſe.

BOhee Tea, 16 s. a Pound, little inferior to the very beſt Bohee Tea; Chocolate made of the beſt Nuts, ground very fine, 2 s. 6 d. a Pound; Chocolate with Sugar, 20 d. a Pound. Sold by Rob. Fary, Druggiſt, at the Bell in Grace-church-ſtreet.

MR. Vickers the Clergyman, who cures the King's Evil, liveth in Sherburn-lane, near Lombard-ſtreet, who hath cured great Numbers of People grievouſly afflicted there, with (as himſelf formerly was) in their Eyes and Joints. See the printed Account of his Method of Cure, with ſeveral Obſervations of great Uſe and Service to People afflicted with that Diſtemper. Printed for S. Manſhip at the Ship againſt the Royal Exchange, Cornhil, and A. Collins at the Black Boy againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet. Price 4 d.

*** The Statutes at large, in Three Volumes; Wingate and Waſhington's Abridgments, with a Supplement to them; Mr. Cunterbuck's plain and Rational Vindication and Explanation of the Liturgy; Dr. Gibſon on the Sacrament, at 11. 5 s. per Hundred; Winchester Manual; Bibles and Common Prayers of all Sorts, ruled or unruled; a fine Set of Cuts for the Common Prayer, engraved by Mr. Sturt; Dr. Nicolls's Paraphraſe on the Common Prayer; the New Welch Common Prayer and Pſalms, with or without Cuts; and Tate and Brady's Pſalms, with the New Supplement; Biſhop Beveridge's Catechiſm; Dr. Williams's Catechiſm; are ſold by R. Whiſtledge, at the Bible and Ball in Ave-Mary-lane near Ludgate, at the loweſt Prices.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where Adverti ſements are taken in.